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BUFFALO FIFTY YEARS AGO.





BUFFALO FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A PAPER

READ BEFORE

THE BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

APRIL 27, 1886.

WRITTEN BY

LUCY WILLIAMS HAWES.

BUFFALO:
THE COURIER COMPANY, PRINTERS.
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1886.

ashore!"—when the girl gave her hand to her lover, saying—"Come, John!" "Good-bye, father; good-bye, mother"—embraced them and her younger brothers and sisters, and they passed off the boat, amid the cheers of the spectators. The owner of the boat sent a clerk with them to the office of a justice, and they returned to Genesee county man and wife. A purse of gold was made up on board the steamer Ben. Franklin, held fast in the ice of the outer harbor, one cold dark night, for a little girl born there. She was christened Lucy Hawes Milliken Olmstead, and I have often wondered what became of her. Thackeray and Dickens, who were then mere boys, would have found plenty of material for romance on those docks—the foreign swindler, the runaway slave, the deserted family, the stolen treasure.

Traveling was a great circumstance in those days, and those who came from the far east would tell how they started for Buffalo in stages to Newport, came over the sound in steamers rigged with sails, and baggage thrown carelessly on deck; saw in New York old Aaron Burr hobbling on the sunny side of Broadway, Louis Napoleon just from his flasco in Strasburg, smoking on the City hotel steps; witnessed the superb playing of Tyrone Power, on the boards of the "Old Park;" saw Mad. Celeste dance, heard Clara Fisher sing, and from the deck of a canal packet boat, saw a procession of thirty revolutionary soldiers from the Oneida reservation. The new city lay grandly on the fine slope at the foot of lake Erie, with the famous Niagara rushing by. Thanks to Joseph Ellicott, the surveyor, her broad streets never needed alteration. Her population was about 18,000. Much of Rathbun's work remained unfinished, but the Kremlin, Darrow, Webster and Keeler blocks were completed. The town was miserably lighted, swine ran in the streets, the sidewalks were of plank or poor brick. O. G. Steele had not established his excellent system of sewerage. The free schools were few, and poorly supported, the jail from the testimony of Miss Dorothy Dix the philanthropist, was in a miserable condition. The old jubilee water works running from Cold Spring to the dock through Main, Washington and Pearl streets were still in partial operation. They received the name from having opened on Fourth of July, 1830. Niagara square was a sea of mud in spring and autumn, and many a dainty lady caller left her overshoe there. And then Buffalo had weather, not to be trifled with, which can only be described by a genius like Mark Twain. Every spring a sharp controversy arose on the subject. Eastern men would say, Buffalo is a huge ice house in the spring; the air over the lake is so chilly and penetrating. To which the western man would just ask the grumbler if he remembered what N. P. Willis said of the air on Boston common in a northeaster, "that it was like a mixture of icicles and red pepper to my weak lungs." Dwellings were in great demand, and rents very dear. Dr. Trow-

bridge built the United States hotel on the Terrace, and finished suites of from two to six rooms, similar to modern flats, with an entrance on the east side. These were occupied by new comers for a few months, until such time as the Rathbun dwellings were ready. Dr. Trowbridge, Daniel Kimball, William Lovering, F. G. Macy, S. W. Hawes, Drs. Flint, McVickar and Miller. Messrs. Ramsdell, Allen, Gallup, etc., were among the tenants. We furnished our own quarters, which were quite roomy, and ate at the table of the hotel, kept by Mrs. Forsyth of Norwich, Conn. Food was plenty and well served, we used steel forks, and took our own napkins to the table.

Almost every citizen kept his cow, which was turned out on the common to graze, coming home at night unless stolen by the Indians. Meat was cheap and abundant, such luxuries as calves-heads, liver and sweet breads were freely given away, the butchers wondering what we wanted of "such stuff." Poultry was never weighed; turkeys were fifty cents, geese twenty-five cents, chickens ten cents apiece. Game was plenty, some of the gentlemen were good shots, and we seldom lacked a joint of venison in season, the adjacent Canadian woods abounding in deer. Wild pigeons were a penny apiece, ducks were brought from Long Point. Delicious wild fruit was brought to our doors by Dutch women in small clothes-baskets carried on their heads on padded cushions.

Wood was \$2 a cord, flour was \$10 a barrel, and came from Rochester, oats ten cents a bushel. Fine butter and cheese came from Hamburg, while apples and potatoes were so plenty that many a discouraged farmer dumped his load by the roadside at "the Hydraulics," rather than carry it home again. We had no gas, no sewing machines, no furnaces or grates, but glowing wood fires, and great hall stoves, with drums to the upper stories, while our famous cook stoves excelled any modern ranges, and it never entered our heads to save fuel. And then our servants were excellent. Who does not remember the "Lanys, Barbaras and Katys" of those days, clad in strong dresses and stout shoes, rosy and cheerful, strong, willing and quick to learn—who could, if occasion required, milk the cow, harness the horse, clean the walk, or even shovel the snow. The busy people who throng that part of the city comprising Swan, Seneca, Exchange and Green streets, between Main and Michigan streets, can scarcely imagine that through that region, fifty years ago, were pleasant gardens hedged with box, trellised with grapevines, shaded with fruit trees, where the birds sang, and the bees sipped hollyhocks and sunflowers. Beds of asparagus, patches of melons, and rows of currant and gooseberry bushes offered small temptation to the enterprising boy of that period, everything was so plenty. As for the Indian, he turned up his nose at fruit, he preferred game and whisky. The only fire engine was in a little building near the court house, and was named the "Cataract."

SENECA INDIANS ON THE RESERVATION.

I need not tell you there was no romance about our near neighbors, the Senecas. Some of them had good brains, though besotted with drink. None of them ever took advantage of the scholarships offered by Dartmouth college, though some tribes farther west did so. We could never make servants of the women; they did not care to be taught to sew or knit. The chiefs were Young King, Seneca White and Israel Jemison. Red Jacket was dead. His two wives, Phebe and Sallie-Twenty-Canoes, must have been great heiresses, they owned so much shipping. Red Jacket was no warrior, though Fitz Greene Halleck styled him "the veriest savage that e'er clutched fingers in a captive's hair." He was eloquent, and when sober was treated with respect by white men. The medal given him by Washington was left in Stephenson's jewelry store at one time. It was old and battered, with the word "Washington" and some designs. It was sold by mistake for old silver, but recovered, and is now in the possession of General Ely Parker. I hope it may yet find a place in the cabinet of this society.

Once when the lawyers puzzled Red Jacket on some intricate question of law he took a piece of chalk and made two concentric circles on the floor of the Buffalo court house. Passing his club slowly around the inner circle, he said, "Within that bound is the Indians knowledge." Then describing the outer one he said: "Within that bound is the white man's knowledge," and resting a moment on his club he said slowly, "Beyond that bound the Indian knows as much as the white man." Red Jacket lived and died a pagan, and there was much trouble among the tribe when he was buried like a Christian, but I have forgotten the particulars.

An old Quaker lady, Mrs. Hannah Eddy, of East Hamburg told me she once saw four young Indians approaching her cabin, holding a blanket by its four corners, containing something quite heavy. They laid it on her cabin floor; it was filled with Bibles and Testaments, Oxford edition, bound in leather. They were given them by English "friends," who had visited the reservation. The spokesman said: "Take these! Quaker gave 'em; we no read 'em, we no believe 'em; we ask Red Jacket, he say take 'em back to Quakers." I have one of these books, given me in 1840 by Mrs. Eddy, a most excellent woman. On the fly leaf is written:

JOSEPH AND MARGARET BRAGG,
To Steep Rock, an American Indian,
New Castle-upon-Tyne,
5 mo. 8th, 1818.

I herewith give this book to this society. We visited the Indians once, but we did not stay to dinner. A merry party went up Big Buffalo creek one morning in a row-boat, and climbing up a bank found a squaw just cooking her dinner. Over a smoky fire of green wood was hung a huge kettle just

filled with cold water, in which were badly washed beans, carrots, potatoes and ears of unhusked corn. The top was strewn with several quarts of blackberries, and surmounting the whole was a large lake fish, of which we had a good view, as the kettle had no cover. Their laundry work even surpassed their cooking: the women would lie on the grass in the fresh air until quite late in the afternoon, when they would wash their clothes and hang them on lines, inside of huts black with smoke. In winter washing was generally deemed unnecessary. We saw two little Indian girls coming to town one morning, on Seneca street, with neither shoes, stockings, or hats, neither saddle nor bridle, on their small pony. Each held the other about the waist, each having her feet on opposite sides of the pony, their faces were lighted up by excitement, and their long black hair streamed behind them. We suspected their mother did not "know they were out," as Indian girls were kept quite strictly, though the boys were never chided, as restraint would break their spirit. The "noble red man" was never civil to his squaw, but often mounted his pony and left her in a pouring rain, to go through the mire of the reservation, four miles with her papoose on her back. An Englishman once asked a Seneca if he knew why the sun never set on her majesty's dominions. "Yes," said the Indian, "I know; it is because God is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark."

Before taking leave of my whilom savage acquaintance, I must relate a story of Indian brag. A friendly Quaker upbraided one of the chiefs, I think it was Big Kettle, for drunkenness, when he squared off, and defied him. "Me don't care; me's a great fighter, me's a big Indian. Lake Erie my farm! Big Buffalo Creek my farder! General Porter my aunt! White man can't fight Big Kettle! too much squaw! too much dar-sent!"

LEADING CITIZENS.

The earlier settlers, whom I best remember were, Col. Blossom, Judges Wilkeson and Walden, Hiram Pratt, Guy Goodrich, Drs. Johnson and Trowbridge, Sheldon Thompson, John W. Beals, Albert H. Tracy, Joseph Clary and James L. Barton. Among the lawyers were, Messrs. Spaulding, Fillmore, Hall and Haven; Love, H. W. Rogers, H. K. Smith, our gifted friend Horatio J. Stow, James McKay, G. P. Barker, and J. L. Talcott. In 1836 came G. W. Clinton, J. G. Masten, Messrs. Sill, Hawley, James M. Smith, G. W. Houghton and many others of note. The band of elder physicians, Marshall, Trowbridge, Sprague, Chapin, Bristol, Burwell, Stagg, Barnes and Pratt, was augmented that year by Drs. Winne, Flint, White, McVickar, Nichols Kissam, Raymond, Treat, and soon afterwards by Dr. Frank Hamilton, Dr. Dalton, and other distinguished men, who have made Buffalo famous in the schools of medicine.

The treasured faces of women older than myself, are those of Mrs. Dr. Marshall, Mrs. Millard Fillmore, Mrs. Joseph Clary, Mrs. James Sheldon, Mrs. John B. Macy, Mrs. Frank Macy, Mrs. Judge Townsend, Mrs. Joseph Clary, Mrs. S. N. Callendar, Mrs. Grosvenor afterward, Mrs. Dr. Shelton, Mrs. Noah P. Sprague, Mrs. Isaac S. Smith, Mrs. Wing Russel, Mrs. Tabor, Mrs. Langdon, Mrs. Wm. Lovering, Mrs. Charles Coleman, Mrs. Benjamin Caryl. Were they not a blessed company.

Among the leading merchants of that day were Staats & Dana, Dole & Howard, Wm. Ketchum, E. D. Efner, Weed & Pratt, A. & N. Wilgus, Myer & McClannan, S. N. Callender, Jason Sexton, Hollister & Co., Coleman & Reynolds, Wm. Williams, A. Rumsey, Messrs. Bryant, Bassett, A. A. Hall, T. Stephenson, Stocking and Dart, Messrs. Fiske, Palmer, Curtiss, Ruxton, Hamilton and others. Mr. O. G. Steele found us in the newest books, Mr. J. D. Sheppard furnished us piano music at twelve and one-half cents per page, Mr. Abner Cutler made the same royal furniture he does now, H. G. White painted our houses and Misses Kimberly and Baird made our huge bonnets. Our first daguerreotypes were taken by a Frenchman named Girand, in a white tent, in an open field opposite the American hotel, where the Arcade building now stands. A sunny day was necessary, and we often waited many days to get one. We were seated in the glare, and remained motionless for twenty minutes. The little octagonal frames were made of curled maple. Children who were the victims of this process were quieted with paregoric, as chloroform and either had not been discovered.

A man of great individuality was my maternal uncle, Isaac S. Smith. He was born of Quaker parents in New Bedford, Mass., and was a man of great research and power, with a highly cultivated mind. He was the engineer under whom the old lighthouse and breakwater were built, and afterwards superintended the construction of the large dummy light outside the harbor. He was a Jackson democrat, and a candidate for governor on the Workingmen's and Loco-Foco tickets. In his youth while in the office of Minturn, Champlin & Co. of New York, he was sent out to Spain and Portugal on important business, reaching England in 1814, by cartel and taking passage in an armed packet for Lisbon. A large Yankee privateer was sighted; the captain scanned her well, then passed his telescope to Mr. Smith, and asked him what he thought of the vessel. Mr. Smith doubted her warlike character, but the deck was cleared for action. A heavy storm parted the ships, and when it cleared up no privateer was in sight. The captain again asked Mr. Smith what he thought of the vessel; "she was one of our largest privateers" "Of course she was," rejoined the captain and I knew you were lying, when I asked you before." He was the guest of Mr. Kirkpatrick, the British con-

sul at Barcelona, and there became acquainted with his daughter the beautiful Maraquita Kirkpatrick, who married a Spanish nobleman and became the mother of the Empress Eugenie. Mr. Smith saw Napoleon enter Paris on his return from Elba, in 1815; was at the grand pageant at the Champ de Mars, and stood near the great captain when he took the oath of allegiance, saying—"Emperor, Consul, soldier, I hold all from the people,"—and amid the shouts of "Vive L'Empereur!" he distributed the "eagles" among the troops, who swore to defend them with their lives. He saw the allied sovereigns, the emperor of Russia, the king of Prussia, Prince Metternich, the duchess of Oldenburg, Blucher, the Hetman of the Cossacks, and various persons of distinction. He used to tell us, facetiously, that he once dined with a king. While a guest of Hottinger, the Parisian banker, they were admitted to a gallery to see Louis XVIII eat his dinner. Mr. Smith was very friendly to the Indians, who often came to him for advice. He was associated with General Porter in the struggle for supremacy between Buffalo and Black Rock, and was a heavy loser by his investments in the latter place. Mrs. Smith, a sister of the Hon. Theron Rudd of Poughkeepsie, was a lovely and accomplished woman. They left no children. His adopted son, the lamented Archibald M. C. Smith, Richard, William and William D. Taber, were his nephews.

Our naval hero in those days was Captain Stephen Champlin, U. S. N. who resting on the laurels gained with Commander Perry in the battle of Lake Erie, passed a quiet and serene old age among us, beloved and respected.

The Protestant Orphan asylum was founded about that time, by Mrs. N. P. Sprague, Mrs. Dr. Marshall, Mrs. S. N. Callender, Mrs. John B. Macy, Mrs. C. Athearn and others. Its first quarters were at the corner of Niagara and Maryland streets, in a building used afterwards as De Vine's piano manufactory.

We had a hard struggle to support it until the generous Frenchman, Le Couteulx, gave the land on Virginia street on which stands the present prosperous institution.

CHURCHES.

There were but two Catholic churches in Buffalo, in 1836. St. Patrick's on Ellicott street, and St. Louis on Main street, a small, unpainted, rough-cast building, around which was built the fine church destroyed by fire. When the larger one was fit for service, the old one was torn down, and thrown out of the doors and windows. Perhaps this extraordinary proceeding arose from the trouble about the deed of the property given by the elder Le Couteulx to twenty-four trustees, which they refused to surrender to the church. The bishop complained to higher authorities, and finally the church was closed for four months, with a black flag flying from its unfinished tower. It probably became a

question of "Church and State," as the trustees long held to their charge. One of them was our good neighbor, Victor Bartol, a cabinet-maker.

There were comparatively few churches in Buffalo fifty years ago; the only Episcopal church was St. Paul's, a small wooden building, painted lead color, with white facings, which stood on the same spot as the present stately cathedral, both churches presided over for nearly sixty years, by the beloved, respected and revered Dr. Shelton. Its near neighbor, whose pulpit was at one time filled with the talented Hopkins, was the largest church within hundreds of miles, and remains a fine sample of Puritan architecture. The Universalists, on Washington street, listened to the eloquent Stephen R. Smith, the Baptists to the eccentric Irishman, John O. Choules. The chapel on the corner of Pearl and Mohawk streets, with a Greek inscription on its pediment, enjoyed the teachings of the talented John C. Lord, who, though a stern theologian, had a dash of romance, as was evinced by his lecture on "Aldebaran," and his fine poem on the death of Abraham Lincoln. And last, but not least, the Unitarian church, and our own beloved pastor, Dr. G. W. Hosmer, to whose pulpit may be traced the first great impetus given to the causes of education, peace, temperance and anti-slavery in Western New York.

Among the philanthropists of that day was Miss Harriet Russell, who was called the "Elizabeth Fry of Buffalo," and was foremost in all good works. For many years the Society of Friends held a meeting every "first day morning" in the parlors of Samuel and Patty Evans Carey, on Washington street. The families of William Evans, Wing Russell and Charles Howland; Mary Taber, Asa, Susan and Sarah Smith, Abbey Coleman, and Joseph and Ann Gardner were of their members, friends from Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Bedford, Nantucket and Hamburg often joining the small but highly respectable congregation.

The stage of the Eagle Street theatre was well supported and patronized. The elder Booth, Edwin Forrest, Ellen Tree, Charles Matthews, Dan Marble, the Warrens with their sisters, Mesdames Marble, Rice and Price, Miss Josephine Clifton, the singers, Sinclair and Henry Russell and Miss Sheriiff appeared there. Mrs. Rathbun still presided over the famous Eagle Tavern, Mr. P. Dorsheimer was the host of the Farmers hotel, and Mr. L. L. Hodges opened the new American hotel. Niagara was the great attraction for tourists in those days, taking Buffalo by the way. Among our distinguished visitors were Mr. and Mrs. George Combe of Edinburgh, who brought letters from Lucretia Mott. He came to America to lecture on the new science of phrenology. Mrs. Combe was the daughter of Mrs. Kemble-Siddons, the famous actress and sister-in-law of Arkwright, the inventor. Mr. Combe had been in Boston, and was delighted with the men he met there. Canning, Webster, Bancroft, Ticknor, and especially Horace Mann. He

spoke of the audiences who attended his lectures, and said, "My eyes never rested on such a collection of excellent brains; they belonged by hereditary descent to the moral, intellectual and energetic pilgrims, enlightened and civilized." It happened that Dr. Raymond delivered a lecture on Mr. Combe's pet science, on the very evening he spent in Buffalo. He went with us to the shabby rooms of the newly instituted Young Men's association, on Main street below Seneca, and said many pleasant things about the growth of intelligence in the western world.

SOCIETY IN 1836-7-8.

The society of Buffalo then was exceptionally good. There was a kind of chivalry about the men, which is always shown to the wives of officers, who follow their husbands to the "outposts." We have always held in grateful remembrance, also, a band of most excellent women, who then welcomed us to their hospitalities, and gave us their friendship and counsel—the mothers and grandmothers of many whom I now address. The first parties we attended were given by Mrs. John Lay, Mrs. John B. Macy, Mrs. Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Russell H. Haywood, Mrs. Judge Bennett, Mrs. Pierre A. Barker and her daughter, Mrs. Philander Hodge, the latter in the house now occupied by the Buffalo club, corner of Chippewa street and Delaware avenue. "The assemblies" were held in the ballroom of the new American hotel. Their patrons, as nearly as I can remember, were: George P. Barker, J. L. Talcott, James McKay, H. J. Stow, S. W. Hawes, J. G. Masten, Clark Robinson, W. F. P. Taylor, Drs. Winne, Kissam and Harris, N. K. Hall, G. W. Clinton, Messrs. Coleman, Reynolds, Newbold, A. A. Eustaphie, John Norton, George Kingman, Messrs. Hawley, Sill, Starkweather, Poole, Joy, Hollister, Hodge, Hall, Stevens, Chapotin, Homans, L. L. Hodges, etc. The Bachelors were: Messrs. John T. Hudson, William A. Moseley, O. H. Marshall, Messrs. Brown, Buckland, Sherwood, Scranton, Charles A. Dana, now editor and proprietor of the New York Sun, William M. Thompson, Joseph Beals, B. Clarke Caryl, R. J. Sherman, H. K. Viele, Charles Allen and others. The young ladies were Misses Forward, Staats, D'Angelis, Vandeventer, Walden, Miss Melissa Kissam, Miss Evelyn Hall, Miss Harriett Day, Misses Champlin, Potter, Sizer, Sparrow, Langdon, Lovering, Thompson, Macy, Stewart, Ruden, Vosburgh, McKnight, Mayhew, Wilson, Warren, Strong, Clark, Harrington, etc. The gentlemen wore blue coats, with bright buttons, ruffed shirts, white neckties or satin stocks, and pumps. They did not walk in the dance, but took the steps taught by dancing masters. The new dance, the waltz, described "that hateful, hugging dance, an imp of Germany, brought up in France," had then few votaries, except among the Germans. Dancing began at 8; supper at 11, and the hall was empty at 2 A. M.

1837-8.

We come now to the period of the so-called Patriot War, and I regret that I can find so little to tell you. The troubles were of short duration, and I was made aware how the facts relating to them had passed out of the memory of man, when I found that the conductor of the Niagara Falls railroad had never heard of Ft. Schlosser, a word in everybody's mouth fifty years ago. Our eastern friends thought we were in great peril on the frontier, and we wrote them almost daily. Many of these letters, afterwards returned to me with circulars, orders, placards, etc., I loaned to someone who thought of writing a "History of the Patriot War," but they were not returned, and I cannot trace them now. Therefore I am compelled to rely on my memory, and must claim your indulgence for many mistakes. At this time Victoria ascended the throne, her uncle, William IV, having died June 20, 1837. Years after she questioned President Fillmore quite closely about the frontier—looked over maps with him—and was much surprised when he told her he could reach her dominions, by car and ferry, in less than half an hour from his home in Buffalo. The frontier was in danger. A Scotchman, Alex. McKenzie, led a revolt in Upper Canada, headed by Papineau, a Frenchman, in the lower province, assisted by General Van Renssaler of Albany. They took possession of Navy island in Niagara river in the autumn of 1837, carrying there much war material and many stores. We saw Mr. McKenzie; he came to Mr. Hawes on an unsuccessful errand—to charter a boat to take supplies down the river. He was a wiry, determined looking man, protected on either side by stout fellows, "armed to the teeth," as the Canadian government had offered £4,000 for his head. He succeeded in getting a vessel, known in history as the "ill-fated Caroline." The president and Governor Marcy issued proclamations, enjoining strict neutrality on the American people. Several volunteer companies of city guards were formed who patrolled the shore from Sandy-town to Black Rock, fearing Canadians would fire the city in revenge for sympathy shown the rebels by Americans. The "Caroline" was cut out on the night of December 29, 1837, at Fort Schlosser, opposite Navy island, set on fire and sent over the Falls, by a troop of armed men who went over from Chippewa. Her figurehead, being a carved image of Queen Caroline, is preserved in the rooms of this society. Many were asleep in the cabin, but escaped, among them Captain Wagstaff. A man named Durfee was killed and left on the shore; his body was brought to Buffalo and displayed to an excited multitude at the court house. Some unwise citizens called a meeting at the Eagle Street theatre and made inflammatory speeches about "the invasion of American soil," etc. The mayor, Dr. Trowbridge, having many family friends on the Canadian border, resigned, and Pierre A. Barker succeeded him. An occasional shot was fired on both sides of the river—we went to

sleep with fear and trembling, and the wildest stories were afloat.

On New Year's day, 1838, the Main street of Buffalo presented a wonderful panorama. Placards, ornamented with coffins, adorned the fences, inviting all interested to attend the funeral of the murdered Durfee, on Church street. The weather was delightful, sixty degrees in the shade; a ragged troop of militia came in from the country, with fife and drum playing, "Yankee Doodle," emigrants of all nations—waiting for the lake to open—soldiers, frontiersmen, hunters, Indians—a motley crew. A most noticeable person on that day was Col. Alanson Palmer, the great speculator, who drove in an open carriage, with a private secretary by his side, the velvet lining of his blue cloak thrown back to display his breast—a large medallion of Washington. Unfortunate in later years, he however deserves the grateful remembrance of our citizens. It was through his generosity that the first free public school was established in Buffalo, at which hundreds of the youths were schooled in the basement of the old Unitarian church, for over two years, until the securities which he had given for its endowment were swept away in the financial panic in 1837.

Some nights after, a cannon shot, fired at midnight as a signal, by order of Mayor Barker, aroused the inhabitants, the bombardment of Navy island was distinctly heard on the bright moonlight night. The City Guards were ordered to Black Rock, where the officers, finding everything quiet, spent the remainder of the night dancing in their friends' houses. As this was the nearest approach to a fight, it was called the "Battle of Black Rock."

A German regiment was organized that winter, which the soldierly Colonel Zahm commanded. He was killed during the election times of Clay and Polk, by the falling of a hickory pole in a neighboring village. The Germans gave a ball in their armory, which occupied the great floor of the fourth story of the Kremlin block. The officers of the "Guards" and their wives were invited and went, forming a group in the center of the hall, around which a hundred couple waltzed until a second hundred took their places. I remember two prominent figures—one was a woman in white, cap gloves and all. She never left the floor, but was in both sets of waltzers. She was blind, and so fond of dancing that she danced the shoes off her feet at fairs in Germany. The other was a dashing Pole in uniform, whose accoutrements spun a perfect circle round him. He was the drill-master of the regiment, of good birth and figured well. At a whirl of the dance that night he dropped his partner, went "down and out," and was never seen more by his credulous creditors.

General Scott soon came to the relief of the frontier with regiments under Colonels Bankhead, Riley and Crane, a park of artillery and a troop of cavalry, and Buffalo was made a military post. The ground

surveyed for the "barracks," as they were called, occupied the square between Allen and North streets, from Main to Delaware streets. A capacious parade ground in the center was surrounded by substantial brick houses, and an unpretending row of wooden buildings gave quarters to many officers, and there were quarters for privates and stables for cavalry. Many of the men were suffering from ague contracted in Florida swamps, while fighting Seminole and Creek Indians. The surgeon, Dr. Robert Wood called in the services of Dr. Flint, then a very young physician, who administered greater doses of quinine than were ever before given. Commendatory accounts of his treatment were given in the French and English medical journals of that day, and I doubt if any of his subsequent triumphs ever gave him greater pleasure than raising those poor sinking fellows, who were given up in despair when he restored them. We were delighted with the ladies at the "Barracks," with whom we soon exchanged civilities. Mrs. Riley, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Casey, Mrs. Alburdis, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Wescott, Mrs. Martin and others. Five of the officers found wives in Buffalo, Heintzelman, Barry, Hoffman, Simpson, and Woodruff. Captain William G. Williams of the Typographical engineers, with Lieutenants Edward Townsend, Franklin, Simpson, Woodruff and Blake were in charge of the lake survey. Mrs. Williams was a lovely woman, a Miss Peter of Georgetown, great-granddaughter of Martha Washington. Her mother, a sister of George Washington Custis, visited her, a pleasant, gracious little lady, in black gown and velvet cap. Mrs. Williams died in Buffalo, in 1842. The wife of Dr. Wood was the daughter of President Zachary Taylor. Her sister, Miss Betty Taylor, who afterwards presided at the White House, often visited her. The daughters of General Scott joined him; they had their father's fine features, and were pure specimens of the blonde beauty which came in vogue in later years. The flying artillery, Captain Duncan, made a fine display, and when General Scott reviewed the troops, the whole town turned out to see. Each Sunday several companies marched down Main street to the music of the band, and were seated in the gallery of the great Presbyterian church. When the cavalry clattered down the newly McAdamized Main street, we were nearly blinded with dust. The wardrobes of the officers who came from the southern and western posts were in a very dilapidated condition, and it took the remnants of several suits to make one man presentable until the new uniforms were sent on. Gaudy epaulettes were worn by all officers of army and militia, instead of the modest shoulder-straps of to-day. The ladies at the "Barracks" returned our hospitalities, with parties at the American hotel. One of their invitations lies before me as I write:

"The Ladies and Gentlemen of the Buffalo Barracks will be happy to see — at the American Hotel, on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock."

It is yellow and faded, but the little painted bouquet of many colors, in the corner, is still bright.

General Scott was much in Buffalo until ordered to Mexico, and made himself very popular. He displayed great tact in allaying the excitement along the frontier. At one time when an armed vessel came opposite Black Rock with open port holes, he stationed his artillery on the bank, but nothing came of it, though one shot from either party would have been "heard around the world." Buffalo gave a grand ball to General Scott before he left us. The hall of "The American" was adorned with flags and stacks of arms. General Scott was magnificent as he approached the upper end of the hall. He stood six feet four inches, and having recently been made a major general his uniform was dazzling. He wore a sword presented for his valor, and his chapeau was ornamented with a long plume of canary color, which swept the floor as he made his bow to the ladies. It was a brilliant scene. The band of the 2nd regiment, U. S. Infantry furnished the music. Mr. Hodges assisted by McArthur and Harry Hawkins, provided an excellent supper. The beauty of the women was enhanced by their tasteful dresses of silks, satins and gauzes, with rich laces and exquisite embroidery. Diamonds were scarce, except in rings for the ladies and shirt-pins for the gentlemen; full sets of pearl, gold and silver, with various ornaments of amethyst, emerald and other precious stones were worn with heavy cable chains around the neck, and "fermonieres" on the forehead. Elderly ladies wore velvet dresses, and "birds of paradise," "Maribau feathers" in their toques and turbans; the younger ones rejoiced in bewitching curls. Boas of lynx, and capes of ermine took the place of opera cloaks. A party of red-coated British officers were honored guests, and contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion. We who remember those times consider them the "palmy days" of Buffalo society; the belle of to-day who lives until A. D. 1936, will tell the same story to her grandchildren, about Buffalo society when she was young. We parted with the ladies at the "Barracks" with great regret, when many of them followed their husbands to Mexico. Buffalo was finely illuminated when news came of great battles and brilliant victories. Captain Albertus was killed at Vera Cruz, Lieutenant Blake was accidentally shot at Palo Alto; he was a fine young officer on General Scott's staff, Lieutenant Gunnison was killed by Indians or Mormons. Captain Williams fell at the battle of Monterey. His remains with those of Capt. Field, were recovered by a committee of citizens of Buffalo and Black Rock, and he was buried, with military honors, beside his wife, Mrs. America Pinckney Williams, in the High street cemetery, in a lot belonging to his heirs.

Gen. Riley returned to end his days in Buffalo, many of you will remember his pleasant hospitable home. He loved to tell of a party and supper he gave when govern-

U.B. Phillips. Ecce v.